VOL. 4. JANUARY, 1901. VOL. 3

LITTLE FOLKS

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY FOR YOUNGEST READERS

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

OUR LITTLE ONES AND THE NURSERY, LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN, BABYLAND, AND THE FAVORITE.

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Published by S. E. Cassino, Boston and Salem Mass.

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RED RIDING-HOOD RUTH AND PRINCE, THE PLAY-WOLF.

The First Prize "A," Class "Pets," in the Second Photographic Competition, was awarded for this picture to T. J. Cunningham, Hampton, Va.

LITTLE FOLKS

VOL. IV JANUARY., 1900. No. 3.

BOBBIN'S FIRST CHRISTMAS-TREE.

(*In Two Parts.*)

PART II. — BOBBIN'S GREAT SURPRISE.

WHEN Bobbin went into the woods that day every bird and animal he met seemed to be very busy — not one had time to stop to hear him talk. The Blue Jay was tugging and pulling at a bunch of red berries on a mountain-ash, and the Squirrel was looking for something down in a hole in the snow. Bobbin scattered his bread about and then went home, never once dreaming that they were all working to give him a surprise.

When the sun had set and all the others were going to sleep Mr. Owl began *his* work, for Bobbin's Tree.

Anyone passing the oak-tree that night would have seen a row of solemn little Owls on a branch in the moonlight, the Father Owl facing them. The Father Owl was teaching them how to make their eyes shine.

"This is the way," said he. "Look into the dark till your eyes are big and round — then look at the moon — then when the light shines into your eyes they will shine too."

So the Owls looked at the dark trees till their eyes were large and black, and then turned their heads quickly to the light, and sure enough, every eye looked like a little round moon. But they shone only a minute before their light grew dim.

"That's right," said the Father Owl. "Now remember at Bobbin's party that you must shine them over and over and over!"

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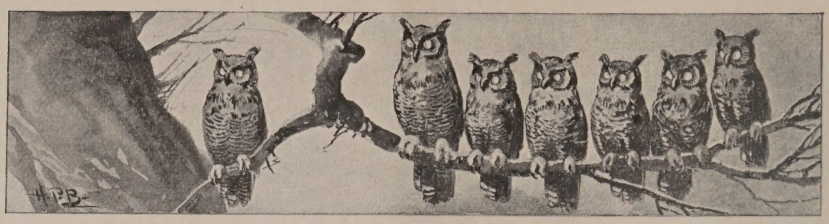


SURE ENOUGH, EVERY EYE LOOKED LIKE A LITTLE ROUND MOON.

A day and a night and another day went by, and then it was Christmas Eve. All day, whenever Bobbin was not in sight, the birds had been flying back and forth between the woods and the hemlock-tree by the house, and there were many things hidden below its branches.

The Squirrel had made a tunnel under the snow to the foot of the Tree, and through it she and the Rabbits and the Chipmunk had been carrying the heavier gifts.

Now the sun had gone down, and all were gathered around the Tree.

"Is everyone here?" asked the Squirrel in a loud whisper, popping up her head from the hole in the snow.

"All!" croaked the Crow. "I've counted."

"Go ahead then," said the Squirrel coming out carrying an ear of pearl pop-corn with her teeth.

There was a flutter of wings, a rustle of branches and soft bird whispers, and the Tree, which a moment before was a plain hemlock with a little snow on its dark branches, began to blossom and fruit in the moonlight, with bunches of red berries, long vines sparkling with ice, a red apple or two, and here and there pine-cones and acorns. The birds fastened them on — they knew how to twist straws and twigs so that they would hold tight to the branches, for that is the way they make and fasten their nests.

The Crow had brought more shining things than all the others; for he had had a great many stored away that he had been collecting for years. But the others had found many treasures in the last two days, in spite of the snow, by searching about through the woods and on the edge of the village. Al-

together, they had a fine collection of "shiny things." There were pieces of bright tin, bits of looking-glass, stones with silvery spots, others with crystals like diamonds, and one piece of rock showed specks of real gold. Among the Crow's gifts were a silver spoon and a jack-knife.

"What will we do with all these beechnuts Chipmunk has brought?" whispered the Blue Jay, for Chipmunk had given his share after all.

"Put them inside that hornet's nest that someone gave," said the Woodpecker.

"*Who* brought this cocoon?" asked the Crow, looking at it.

"I brought it," said the Woodpecker; "what's the matter with it? They're very good to eat when you're hungry."

BOBBIN WAS ALONE.

"But Boys don't eat cocoons," said the Crow, "and it's not at all pretty."

"Please, Mr. Crow," said a gentle Rabbit voice, "the butterfly that is growing inside will be beautiful when he comes out."

"What have you there, Cousin Crow?" asked the Blue Jay, for the Crow was trying to fasten something red near the top of the tree.

"Look now, all of you," said the Crow. "This is the very finest thing of all! It came off of a *real* Christmas-tree. But 'tis none too good for Bobbin."

It was a small red mitten, and they all came around to look at it. But nobody knew what it was.

And now they all took their places in the Tree, except the Rabbits, who couldn't climb; the young Owls went back in the

dark branches where their eyes would show well; some held gifts in place on the ends of the boughs; the Chickadees sat together and the Blue Jay took a seat near.

"All ready?" asked the Crow.

"All ready," they replied.

"Now then, sing!" said the Crow, and every little bird and animal opened his mouth and sang as well as he knew how, each in his own queer little voice. It was their Christmas song and their call to Bobbin.

Bobbin was alone, for the Shoemaker had gone to his bed. The little boy was sitting by the fire when he heard the strange chorus outside, and sprang to his feet wondering what it could be. Catching up his cap he ran to the door and opened it, and the song stopped. For a moment he stood perfectly still. What wonderful thing had happened to the little hemlock-tree! It was glittering and shining and sparkling in the moonlight, as he had never seen it before, and here and there were round lights that kept glowing, and going out and then glowing again.

"Oh!" he cried, clapping his hands, "it's a Christmas-tree! Our hemlock has turned into a Christmas-tree!"

He stepped forth and moved nearer, slowly, holding out one hand to touch it to make sure it was real, for Bobbin thought he might be dreaming.

Just as Bobbin reached the glittering Tree, Gray Squirrel on an upper branch loosed her hold on the big jackknife; down it fell, right into the hand that was held forward. Bobbin almost let the knife drop in his surprise, and looking up saw the Squirrel peeping through a loop of a frosted vine.

"Why, it's the Squirrel!" he said. "And there's the Crow, and the Woodpecker, too! Oh, you're *all* here! Is it your Christmas-tree? And is this beautiful knife for me?"

"Please, dear Bobbin, it's *your* Christmas-Tree," said one of the Rabbits, coming out of the shadow.

They had all been very still when Bobbin had opened the door, but now all began to move and to talk. They were *so* happy because Bobbin was pleased that they couldn't keep quiet any longer.

Another gift fell into Bobbin's hand — a bright gold piece of money! The rabbits hopped toward a low branch and each pulled off a red apple with a quick jerk, then came and laid it at Bobbin's feet and looked up at him, moving its pretty ears.

"What! Is everything for me?" asked Bobbin.

Yes, one and all, they brought things from the Tree and put them on the ground before him or in his hands. There was honey in a honey-comb; there were nuts of all the kinds that grew in the woods; and there was a tin cup that had belonged to Bobbin once before — he had lost it in the summer and the Crow had found it in the brook.

When the Crow at last took down the red mitten all the rest stopped and crowded around Bobbin to see what he would do with it; the Squirrel ran up Bobbin's back to look over his shoulder.

"Oh-o!" laughed the little Boy. "It is a mitten to keep my fingers warm," and shaking out some dry leaves he drew it on his hand. For a moment they were all a little troubled; it seemed to them there ought to be another of these red things for Bobbin's other hand, but it was only for a moment, for Bobbin said, "That's just what I needed because I had only one mitten before — a blue one — and *now* I have one for each hand!"

At this moment the Chickadees, in their little black caps, stood up on their branch, and struck into a song, a sweet strain of clear notes and lispings and trills.

Then all was silence again. After a moment the Blue Jay threw back his crested head and uttered a few delicious notes which were like the tones of a silver bell. Bobbin clasped his hands together in happiness. He had only heard before the Jay's harsh cries and calls. The birds and animals knew that Blue Jay had a silver song, but Bobbin had not known it.

Bobbin gathered up an armful of his treasures and went into the house to find bread for his friends, for that was all he could offer them. There was a little patter of feet behind him, and turning he saw that they were following one after another, each helping to carry in the gifts. They put them down on the

JUST AS BOBBIN REACHED THE GLITTERING TREE.

hearth and when Bobbin was gone into the pantry they looked around them in the dim firelight with great interest — they had never been in a house before.

"Come now," whispered the Squirrel.

"Why Bobbin is looking for bread to give us!" said Chipmunk.

"I know it," said she, "but I don't believe he has any left. I didn't see any to-day when I looked in the pantry window. If there *is* a little bit he ought to keep it for to-morrow. Come on home before he gets back!"

Out through the open door they softly hurried, and set off in all directions through the woods, to their homes, without a word or sound.

"Wasn't it fine?" said Squirrel as she settled down in her hole in a tree. "How much we will have to tell the Summer Birds when they come back!"

"Yes," said the Crow from his branch near-by, "it was indeed a very fine Tree; do you know, I think it was just as grand as a real Christmas-tree, and I am not sure but it was even a little grander."

While the birds and animals were hastening away homeward, Bobbin was searching for bread, but he could find only one small piece. He came back into the kitchen saying, "I am sorry I can't find more for you —" and then he looked around for his friends. They were all gone, He ran to the door but they were nowhere in sight.

"I wonder why they went so soon," he said. "Why, the Tree is turned into a plain hemlock again!"

Bobbin closed the door, after a moment, and went back and sat down by the fire in the midst of his gifts, the first Christmas presents that had ever been given him.

"It is only a hemlock-tree now," he said, smiling to himself, "but it certainly *was* the most beautiful Christmas-tree that anyone ever saw!"

Daisy D. Plympton.

THE CHICKADEES STRUCK INTO A SONG.

SOME DAY I WILL BE ITS MASTER.

MY TEMPER.

I have a little temper;
'Tis like my pony gray—
Unless I watch it closely
It tries to get away,

And rear and kick and trample
On all who near it stand,
And so I try to curb it,
And hold it well in hand.

No good to use a snaffle;
I keep a tight curb-rein,
And speak to it quite gently—
Yet sometimes all in vain.

It is so much the stronger
  It gets away from me;
But I will be its master
  Some day, as you shall see!

Caro Atherton Dugan.

ROLLO AND RED PEGGY.

ROLLO was a puppy — a big mastiff puppy. He lived in the city with a Mr. and Mrs. James, and their little daughter Bessie.

Mr. and Mrs. James thought a great deal of Rollo, or they could never have had patience with him; for puppies are capable of much mischief and young Rollo was no exception. He seemed determined to try his teeth on everything; but just when Mrs. James began to feel as if she could not much longer have every valuable article in the house chewed up, she hit upon a funny plan for managing him.

It happened that a new doll for little Bessie had just arrived, which so pleased her that the old favorite — a doll made of red flannel, and named "Red Peggy" — generally lay neglected in a corner.

As Rollo was settling himself one day to chew a little stocking, Mrs. James tossed Red Peggy toward him, telling him to bite that if he *must* bite something!

From that hour Red Peggy was adopted by the young mastiff. He carried her with him about the house, even took her sometimes to call on the neighbors, and would carry her down street if not watched. Rollo's treatment of her did not greatly improve Red Peggy's looks, but that made no difference to him. He seemed to like to play with his doll as if he were a little girl. instead of a dog.

One day, when he had been biting his little companion a long time, Mrs. James said to him reproachfully, "Why Rollo, how you do abuse poor Red Peggy!"

Rollo raised his head and looked at his mistress a minute or two, as if he were thinking over what she had said. Then, in a very repentant way, he began to lick his doll; nor did he stop until he had licked her all over. That is a dog's way of kissing.

Another time Rollo trotted over to visit a neighbor across the street. Of course Red Peggy went too. The man to whom he was paying the visit wished to send a paper over to Mr. James, and thought he would have Rollo carry it. So he took Red Peggy away from the mastiff, laid her on the step, putting the paper instead in Rollo's mouth, then told him to carry it home.

Rollo gave a dignified wag of the end of his tail and trotted to the gate, where he stopped and thought a minute; then he laid down the paper and went straight back for Red Peggy.

ROLLO AND HIS DOLL.

Several attempts ended in the same way. At last the doll was carefully rolled in the paper, which was then given to Rollo with the sharp order, "Go home!"

Rollo trotted away quickly; but when he reached the middle of the road he deliberately laid down his bundle, poked his nose into it till he found his beloved Red Peggy, lifted her out, and then ran triumphantly home with her, leaving the paper in the road.

In fact, so long as I knew Rollo, he never would obey any command which forced him to lay his dear Red Peggy down, nor go to any place where he must leave her behind, in this way quite outdoing little girls in his love for his doll.

Rose Thorn.

BIDDY McCRACKEN'S MOVINGS.

(*Far-West Children.*)

DAISY DELL was not quite fourteen, but she was teaching school up in the mountains, so deep in, and so high up, that you had to go there on horseback, or walk, for the road was nothing but a wild trail.

Fifteen little barefooted children came softly along the rough paths every day, to the small slab-roofed schoolhouse in the woods, and Daisy Dell was very happy, teaching them. Daisy Dell wasn't much more than a school-girl herself in appearance; rosy-cheeked and plump, and still wearing short dresses, and her curly hair tied back with a ribbon.

At night she always went home with some of the children, for the mothers "took turns" boarding the teacher. Sometimes they traded "the teacher's week" with one another, on account of the baby being sick, or soap to be made; but Daisy Dell never minded, and all the mothers thought her the sweetest little teacher in the world, and the most accommodating.

And this was the reason why the little Jimsons' mother knew that Daisy Dell would be perfectly willing to come and board with her the week she was moving, and "kindah help her with the children, and gittin' the bed-stids down." There was no one to help her except the children unless Daisy Dell did, for Mr. Jimson was away, further in the mountains, prospecting for gold.

Daisy Dell didn't wonder Mrs. Jimson wanted to move down from the old tumbling cabin away up on that mountain-shelf! It couldn't be comfortable to think the roof might crumble down upon your head any minute, or the door fall in.

And there was an empty cabin with a good roof, lower down on the mountain, where Mrs. Jimson could move as well as not.

Daisy Dell found it great fun to help Mrs. Jimson move. They did it all in one afternoon, after school. Every single thing had to be carried down by hand. Only they didn't carry down the big iron kettle, because Danny rolled it down, and the feather-bed and most of the quilts they tied upon the cow's back.

The next night, when Daisy Dell went home with the chil-

dren, the tea-kettle was singing on the iron crane over the fire, and the baby was sitting in the middle of the floor playing with a quail's wing, and upon the coals Mrs. Jimson had a panful of broiled quail for supper.

It seemed already as if Mrs. Jimson had always lived there; but she said they were not *quite* moved yet, for the chickens hadn't been brought down, and she didn't know just how to get them unless Daisy Dell could go up with her after supper and help bring them down. The only time you could catch them was when it was dark and they had gone to roost. She said she really hated to ask Daisy Dell to help with the chickens, but Becky had twisted her ankle and Danny was so noisy he always scared the chickens, and the other children were too little.

Daisy Dell almost shuddered. She didn't want to climb that steep path in the evening even with Mrs. Jimson's company. She didn't like to think of the empty cabin up there in the dark. And she didn't speak up as brightly as usual, though she said, "Why *of course*, Mrs. Jimson!"

Mrs. Jimson explained that if it had been any other hen-and-chicks but Biddy McCracken it wouldn't have made so much difference. But she couldn't bear to have anything happen to Biddy, because she was a present from a neighbor named Mrs. McCracken, just when Mrs. Jimson and her husband and children were starting away from Nevada, last spring, in their old moving-wagon. So they named her Biddy McCracken. And she was "bound and determined to set, before they ever pulled out of Winnemucca!"

They fixed her a good nest on some cushions in a box in the wagon, right back of the feed-box, and there she sat, never minding joltings, or anything. She hatched out eleven little chickens just before they came to Shasta, and they brought them all along. It made it seem just like home, wherever they went, with the little chickens peeping in the wagon, or around the camp-fire, and the old hen clucking so comfortably.

They lost five, in one way and another. "And I *do* want to keep the rest," said Mrs. Jimson, "if it's so I can, on account of that pleasant moving. We never had such a pleasant moving

SO THEY WENT SINGING DOWN THE PATH, KITTY FRISKING AFTER.

as that one, when we came away up in here from Nevada!"

By the time Mrs. Jimson had told her story, Daisy was eager to go. "Certainly, Mrs. Jimson, I'll help you move that dear old Biddy. Of *course* you wouldn't want to lose her!"

So, after supper, Mrs. Jimson tied a big apron around her waist to serve as a sort of bag, and Daisy Dell took a large old basket, and they started away in the dusk, up the trail.

When they were about half way there Daisy Dell heard a light footstep following along in the bushes, close to the path. Then it seemed lost for a minute or two, and then it came on again, pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, in the darkness.

Daisy Dell pulled Mrs. Jimson's sleeve to make her stop. "There's something following in the bushes," she whispered.

Mrs. Jimson didn't stop, but walked on, answering cheerfully, aloud, "Oh, I don't reckon there's anything follerin'!"

Daisy Dell felt sure that there *was* something, but she didn't say any more, and presently they had groped their way up to

the old cabin, and out to the shed that was built against the rocks, for cow and chickens.

The chickens always roosted upon the beams above the little hay-loft, and Mrs. Jimson and Daisy had to climb a ladder to reach them.

Daisy Dell's knees trembled. She wished she had never thought of teaching school, and had never heard of the little red schoolhouse, nor of Mrs. Jimson and Biddy McCracken.

Mrs. Jimson climbed up first. She quietly lifted the chicks off the beam and tied them, three together, and handed them down to Daisy Dell to be put in the basket. Then she wrapped good old Biddy McCracken in her apron, and they came down the ladder, to go home. And there, upon the straw-littered ground, Daisy Dell again heard that pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, and this time she saw two shining eyes!

Out little teacher rushed, past the eyes shining in the dark, out into the moonlight — for the moon had climbed above the mountain while they were in the hay-loft; and there she saw Danny's little black kitten bounding out after her!

Then Daisy Dell sat down upon the ground, with her basket of chickens beside her, and the kitty purring in her lap, and laughed and laughed!

"Oh, kitty," she cried, "it was *your* pit-a-pit I heard — you sly, sly kitty!"

And so they went laughing and singing down the path and the kitty came frisking after.

The children were all awake, sitting up to see dear old Biddy McCracken and the chicks.

Mrs. Jimson took her quilting-frames and made a perch for the chickens across one corner of the cabin, just for that night; and the children gathered old Biddy up into their arms and hugged her before they went to bed, and little Becky said, "You had another good moving, didn't you, Biddy? For Teacher brought you down!"

And Daisy Dell was soon smiling in her sleep, in the best bed, with little Becky.

Lucia Chase Bell.

THE CHRIST CHILD AND THE NEW YEAR BOY.

THE NEW YEAR BOY.

IT WAS New Year's day and the bright afternoon sun was shining down into one of the pleasantest nurseries in the world; the room was full of pictures and books and toys, so many of them the very kind that children like best. There was a big rocking-horse, there were tin soldiers and guns and trumpets and drums and steam engines and games and paint-boxes and so many kinds of picture-books that one would think the child who lived in this nursery would be quite as happy as any one could wish to be.

It seems a pity that I should have to tell it, but at the time I am writing about, the owner of this lovely room, and all the nice things in it, was lying on his back on the couch in the corner, screaming with all his might, so that his face was quite red and ugly and not at all pleasing.

A few moments ago Nurse had brought the little lord of this pleasant nursery-land into the room, and she had been obliged to carry him by one arm and one leg, because he had refused to come in any other fashion. She had laid him upon the couch because he did not know or care just then where he was, he was so very angry.

Nurse had taken him from the front-hall floor, where he had thrown himself in the bitterness of his disappointment when Papa and Mama had kissed him good-by and gone away to make a visit without him. He had been left at home because he was too young to go so far and stay up so late.

He had been having such a beautiful New Year's day, it was a shame for Mama to go and leave him he thought. He had forgotten entirely how long she had been playing with him and reading to him, and he had forgotten too that dear little New

NURSE HAD BROUGHT HIM IN.

Year Boy, about whom she had been reading the very last thing before she had to stop.

This New Year Boy was said to go about and sit in children's nurseries and write down on his long New Year's scroll all the things they said and did; when the things were good loving happy ones they made the page all white and fair and beautiful, and when they were wrong selfish ones they made the page dark and ugly, and the New Year Boy was said to weep very bitterly as he recorded them.

Little John and Mama had had such a good talk together after she had finished this story, and before they were through John had determined not to give the New Year Boy one unpleasant thing to write down on his roll all this year for he was so good and cunning John couldn't bear the thought of making him cry. And then, after all, forgetting everything about him, the very first time something not quite pleasant happened his troublesome temper had had its way again, and he had kicked and screamed in that dreadful manner which he knew hurt Mama so much, and made her go away with the sad look in her eyes.

When Nurse laid him on the

THERE BEGAN TO BE PICTURES ON THE CEILING.

couch, he kicked so hard that one pillow went off on to the floor, and then another, and he screamed till he was tired and his throat hurt; and then he stopped and began to count the little circles and squares in the pattern of the paper on the ceiling. He counted them through his tears, as he lay there on his back, till he began to grow sleepy, and the circles began to change into other things, and the squares looked like something different, and than there began to be pictures on the ceiling, where the little figures had been before.

One picture seemed to be of his own nursery, and there was the little New Year Boy sitting right on the edge of the table writing, and as he wrote, he took out a little pocket-handkerchief from somewhere and began to wipe his eyes, and he wiped them again and again as though they were too full of tears for him to see to write. The angry boy on the couch knew that he must be writing about his anger, and oh, he was so sorry! He turned his head down among the pillows and his face burned!

After a little, the New Year Boy jumped down and walked very slowly and sadly away with the roll under his arm.

John never thought of speaking to him, but while he lay there thinking there seemed to come another picture on the ceiling. He knew it very well, from the one Mama had given him on Christmas-day, and which Papa had hung over his bed right there in the nursery; that was of the Christ-Child in the man-

ger, with the gentle Mother bending over him, and Joseph and the Wise Men and the cow. But *this* picture was different, because Mary and Joseph and the Wise Men were gone away and the Baby was lying alone in the manger with only the kind-faced cow, over there, keeping watch.

And while the boy on the couch was looking and wondering where they all had gone, there came walking into the stable the figure of the little New Year Boy. He looked tired and travel-stained as though he had come a very long way and his face was anxious and troubled. The roll was in his hand and he walked to the side of the manger and tried to climb up to where the Christ Child lay. It was high up and the New Year Boy must have been tired, for his chubby little foot slipped, and he dropped his roll and had to go back and pick it up.

Then a soft light seemed to shine out of the manger and the Christ Child sat up and smiled and the light of his smile shined down on the head of the New Year Boy as he turned to climb up again over the side of the manger. The Christ Child put out his hand, still smiling, and lifted up the New Year Boy, and they sat down in the hay, the Christ Child and the New Year Boy together. Their little heads bent down over the roll the New Year Boy had brought and they seemed to be reading it.

John grew hot all over for he knew they were reading about his anger. He turned over on his face, and buried his unhappy shameful little face in the pillows again; it seemed as though he could not bear it, and he stretched out his hands pleadingly to the two sad little companions as they sat there, in the hay. He tried to say he was sorry and he would never, never — but he could not speak.

Somehow the Christ Child must have known just how John felt, for he turned toward him and smiled, a beautiful smile that made it light everywhere and shone on the little bowed head of the New Year Boy as he sat there, weeping bitterly. Then he patted his little visitor gently on the head and laid his cheek against the tear-stained one for a moment and then he took the wrinkled scroll the New Year Boy had brought, for it was all stained with the very black writing about the anger, and the

tears that had been shed on it, and he put it away, out of sight, so that John never saw it again.

Then the Christ Child seemed to reach down somewhere in the hay and he took a fresh white scroll from under his pillow, John thought, and gave it into the glad eager hands of his little companion. Then they both smiled, such bright wonderful smiles, that all the stable shone again, and they spoke together for a moment and the Christ Child laid his baby hand lovingly on the bowed head and tumbled curls of the New Year Boy, and blessed him as he went. Then he helped him carefully down the side of the manger, and the climbing seemed to be so easy now, though they were such tiny hands that helped. The New Year Boy trotted away with a quick glad step, with joy in every motion, and the Christ Child lay down in the hay again to rest, the light still shining about him.

John watched the New Year Boy eagerly, as he went, and he fairly held his breath for joy for he was sure the new white scroll must be for him, because he knew the Christ Child was gentle and forgiving when people were sorry; and surely, surely it *was* for him, for at that moment in

THEY BENT DOWN OVER THE ROLL.

THE ROLL WAS ALL CLEAN AND FRESH AND WHITE.

walked the tired happy-looking New Year Boy, straight into John's nursery again, and he laughed aloud for joy, with such a merry laugh, as he jumped right up on to the edge of the couch and held the scroll up before John's eyes, all clean and fresh and white; then he bent down and kissed him on the lips.

John put up his arms to give the kind little friend a good big hug, but as he opened his eyes and looked up, the New Year Boy was gone and his own dear Mama was bending over him and waking him with a kiss. John's arms went around her and he said, "Oh Mama, I was sorry and the Christ Child gave the New Year Boy a clean new white scroll for me, so we can begin all over, once more, and I am sure he will never, never have to write down any anger for me again."

Anna S. P. Duryea.

RIDDLE-RHYMES.

VIII.

MY *first* is cold, yet keeps things warm;
My *second* thin things are, 'tis plain;
My *whole* may make a children's play,
Or block and stop a railway train!

C. S. P.

THE LOVABLE TALES OF JANEY AND JOSEY AND JOE.

III. — The True Story.

AND there lived on the side of the mountain, way up on the side of the mountain in a little log house, a very dear friend to Janey and Josey and Joe. His name was Ben Adam Below.

And oh, oh, Ben Adam Below was the tallest man you ever saw, little reader! You would look up, up, up, and there was his dear funny face that always was smiling.

And Ben Adam Below loved little Janey Monroe. Like every one else he thought little Janey the dearest, sweetest, prettiest child he ever had known.

And on bright cool days he would leave his little log house and come down the mountain to the beautiful home, all the way down the zig-zag path to the beautiful home and stand at the gate and call, "Oh Janey, little Janey Monroe, here is your friend Ben Adam Below, and his big broad shoulder!"

"OH, JANEY, HERE IS YOUR FRIEND!"

And Janey and Josey and Joe would all come running out of the house, and Janey would say, "Yes, we'll go, dear Ben Adam Below, we'll go, and I will ride on your big broad shoulder."

And then Janey and Josey and Joe would go off for a beautiful day with Ben Adam Below on the mountain. Up, up the zig-zag path they would go to the little log house on the side of the mountain. And Janey rode on the big broad shoulder.

And always when they came to the little log house they would

sit down under the cedar-tree by the door, and Janey would say, "Tell us a story, Ben Adam Below, Now don't say no, don't say no; tell us a beautiful story!"

This was the friend that always was ready to tell little Janey a story.

And Ben Adam Below would say, "You sweet little Janey Monroe, can I ever say no when you coax me so prettily!"

And Josey would say, "Yes, tell Janey a nice long story to-day, because she was a good little girl and didn't cry once this morning."

And Joe would say, "Yes, tell Janey a story ten miles long to-day, Ben Adam Below."

And Ben Adam Below would laugh, oh a big, big laugh. "Ha! ha! ha!" he would laugh. "One word for yourself and two for Janey! My story belongs to every one of you children."

And Janey would say, "No, no, tell the story mostly to Josey and Joe, 'cause I am so little I can just sit and listen."

And Ben Adam would say, "Ha, ha, you lovable children, and now our story begins:

"There was once a gray wolf who lived on this mountain, children, and his fierce mother had taught him to kill the dear little lambs like those you see in my pasture, and eat them for his breakfast.

"And one day a sweet little child like Janey, came up the mountain to visit a friend she loved, and she met this gray wolf in the path on the mountain, and she stopped in the path and looked right into the eyes of the gray wolf and said, 'We must all love each other, gray wolf. If you kill the lambs, Ben Adam will kill you sure, and I want you to live, dear wolf, for you are so very handsome.'

"And the wolf looked right into the little child's eyes. He didn't say anything, but this is what he thought: 'I will never kill one lamb on this mountain again, little child. I will go away and never will kill a lamb again on this mountain.' Now this is a true story, children."

And little Janey laughed and clapped her hands and said, "Yes, it *is* a true story, Josey and Joe! One day I ran away and

came all alone up the mountain to see Ben Adam Below. And I was the little child who met the gray wolf on the mountain, and I looked at the wolf and he looked at me, and *oh* he looked cross, and I was afraid, and I said, 'I love you, gray wolf, and you love me 'cause we're friends you know, and we never will hurt each other.' And then he looked kind at me, Josey, he looked loving in his eyes, little Joe, and so, and so I thought I would speak to him about the lambs he had killed for Ben Adam Below. And I told him I loved the dear little lambs and he loved them too, and never, no never, to kill one and eat it again. And the gray wolf hung his head right down, like this, and looked ashamed and trotted away down the mountain, and he never came back again."

JANEY RODE ON THE BIG BROAD SHOULDER.

And Ben Adam Below said, "No, no, that gray wolf never come back again little Josey and Joe; and that is why I love little Janey Monroe."

And Josey said, "I would have run if I had met the gray wolf on the mountain, but dear little Janey isn't afraid of anything her heart is so full of love."

And little Joe said, "I like that story because it's *true*, and because it's about my dear little Janey."

Gertrude Smith.

LONG TOM, AND HOW THEY GOT HIM.

Chapter III. — Captain Stork of the Sloop Betsey.

JUST then a very queer thing happened. Billy Boy had taken Bevis into the donkey-cart to get him away from the other dog and Bevis began to howl. He was such an agreeable dog that he had scarcely ever, before, been known to howl.

Bevis began to howl and Carrots began to go! He was in his very contrariest mood, as Bee said, but the unusual sound made him go at his liveliest pace.

He went so fast that they overtook the cloud of dust and stopped just behind it, at the gate of Mr. Timothy Truefit, the Tinkertown selectman, who had charge of the gun.

When the cloud of dust settled they saw a yellow village-cart but instead of Tatwick boys come to get Long Tom, as Billy Boy had feared, there was Pinky Jones with her long braid hanging down her back, and Ambrose, the Jones' coachman, sitting up very straight beside her!

Before the donkey-cart had fairly stopped Pinky Jones' long braid whirled around and she cried out, "I am come to see about Long Tom! You said girls could help and Mr. Timothy Truefit is my very own uncle!"

Billy Boy couldn't help thinking that Pinky Jones was taking a great deal upon herself, but it was a relief that it was not a Tatwick boy who had arrived ahead of him.

Mr. Truefit had heard the noise of wheels and opened the door. "Oh, Uncle Timothy!" cried Pinky Jones.

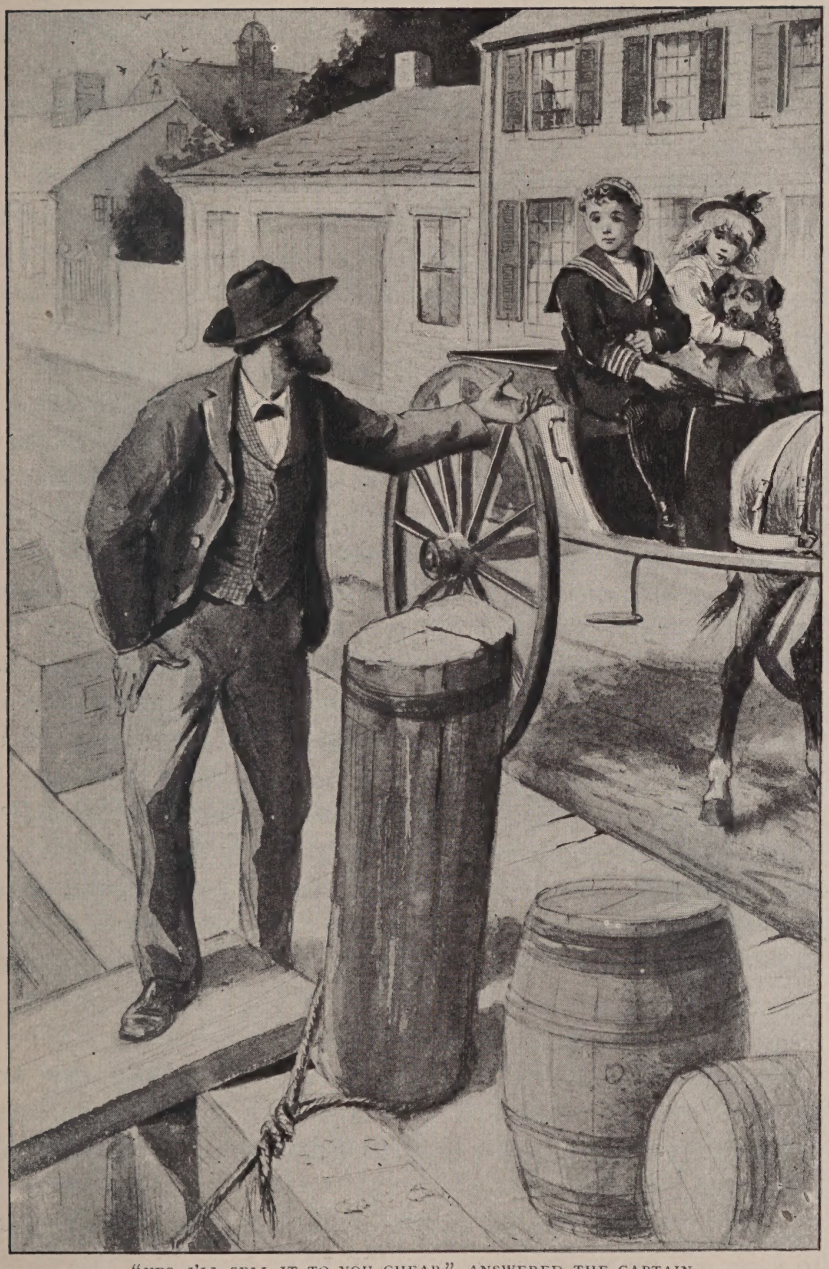
Billy Boy leaped over the fence, having the advantage of being a boy, and reached the door while she was getting out of the cart.

"I am Captain Billy Boy Brown of the Pekoe Guards," he said, "and I should like to speak to you in private."

"We want to buy Long Tom!" cried Pinky Jones. "The Pekoe Guards do and I am helping."

"Long Tom? oh, we sold it to Captain William Stork of the sloop *Betsey*. He wanted it for his sloop," said Mr. Truefit.

It was such a blow that Billy Boy so far forgot that he was



"YES, I'LL SELL IT TO YOU CHEAP," ANSWERED THE CAPTAIN.

Captain of the Pekoe Guards as to allow his lip to tremble.

But he made his voice very firm. "I will go and see Captain Stork, he may possibly wish to sell," he said.

"O, come along!" cried Pinky Jones eagerly. "Captain Stork's wife is my very own aunt!"

Billy Boy mounted the donkey-cart with some dignity. Pinky Jones certainly did act as if she belonged to the Pekoe Guards.

"You may go ahead," said Pinky Jones politely. "I only want to help. If Captain Stork would sell Long Tom to anyone he would to me."

"I am glad to have you help," said Billy Boy civilly; and he made a sign to Ambrose to go ahead, which he felt was the only polite way to do since it was a lady's carriage. The Captain of the Pekoe Guards must be polite as well as brave. He must be business-like too, and the main thing was to get Long Tom. Pinky's very own aunt might be useful.

"She's a very nice girl," said Bee stoutly. "She only wants to help."

"Some people want to help, and some people want their finger in everybody's pie," said Billy Boy, who was more inclined to be cross about Pinky Jones than he would have been if he had not been so disappointed about Long Tom.

"She is always as fair as can be about the monkey," said Bee. For there was a monkey that she and Pinky Jones owned together and of course there was a chance to be selfish and unfair about the time that one kept him.

"Oh, she's a square girl," said Billy Boy a little grufly. "The great thing is to get Long Tom!"

"Yes, that's the great thing," said Bee.

There were shouts from behind so loud that Billy Boy and Bee heard them above Bevis' howling. They turned and saw Pinky wildly making signs towards a road that led up to a white house on a high hill.

But Billy Boy shook his head. Although Ambrose drove up the high hill he kept on towards the river and the wharves.

When he had come down here to see Ray Rogers, the week before, the sloop *Betsey* had been lying at her wharf. It was

plain to see that she was going to sail soon, and Billy Boy thought that they might find Captain Stork on the wharf.

There he was, stepping upon the gang-plank of the *Betsey!* The sloop had all her sails set and the sailors were shouting "all aboard!"

"I am Captain Billy Boy Brown of the Pekoe Guards — oh, will you sell us Long Tom!" cried Billy Boy.

They had driven down to the wharf and Bee had half-smothered Bevis to keep him from howling. For there was not a minute to lose.

"Yes, I'll sell it to you cheap," answered the Captain gruffly, "if you can get it away from the boys! They've hid it away from me!"

"How much?" shouted Billy Boy as the *Betsey* swung out into the river. He thought it would be a pity if the Pekoe Guards couldn't get a gun that rightfully belonged to them away from the Tinkertown boys!

"Ten dollars!" shouted Captain Stork in answer. "Pay the money to my wife and the gun is yours — if you can get it!"

Get it! why that would be only fun! thought Captain Billy.

As they drove into the main road again Pinky Jones, in her village-cart, came driving down the long hill from the white house. Pinky called out to Billy Boy and Bee.

"Oh dear, oh dear, the Tinkertown boys won't let anyone have Long Tom! They have either thrown it into Pumbleberry's Pond that hasn't any bottom or else they've hidden it in Perigo's woods where there is a bear! The Pekoe Guards will never present Long Tom to the town!"

Then she suddenly brightened up.

"Bee, let us make a silk flag and present it to the town instead of the gun!" she said. "The Pekoe Guards may help."

"Thank you," said Captain Billy Boy, holding his head high; "but the Pekoe Guards *are* going to present Long Tom to the town and it looks as if they would have as much as they could do to get him, without helping to make silk flags!"

(To be continued.)

Sophie Swett.

THE LITTLE OWLS AT RED GATES

III.

MRS. Owl was afraid to go near the Dilver until it was quite dark. She was afraid of a big with a she had seen in the. She had kept an on him and seen him go into the Dilver. She meant to wait until all the house- set, but Owlkin and Owlet just hooted and screeched, they were so hungry. "Keep still," she said, "or that will know where you are, and climb up the." But the poor little were so impatient she had to start before all the lights were out. There was a great and the sky was full of. The little felt afraid, and kept close to their mother. It was very still around their but out there it was not still. Little Owlet said she could hear jumping around

in the "Never mind," her mother said. "Horses don't hurt ." "But I hear a , too," said poor Owlet, "a-knocking her , and a-chewing." "Never mind," said her mother again. "She isn't chewing . I know all about ." Then Owlkin said he heard a great big whining. "Well," said his mother, "he isn't whining for little owls. No animals that live in ever hurt owls, except . As silent as they flew to the , and lighted in an open . There they saw and , asleep in their little white beds. "They look nice – are they good to eat?" asked Owlkin. "Hush – no!" said Mrs. . But little Owlet spread her , flew in, pounced on Dolly's , and came flying out with something in her . Owlkin would have flown in too, but 's scream scared them so that all three flew away.

SHE IS JUST "PLAIN GOOD."

ANOTHER LITTLE GIRL.

There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead;
When she was good
She was very, very good,
But when she was bad she was horrid!
—*Longfellow.*

I KNOW a little girl
And she *hasn't* got a curl—
Her hair hangs straight on her forehead;
She is just "plain good,"
Not "very, very good,"
And never was she known to be horrid!

Jennie Betts Hartswick

PUBLISHER'S TALK.

The paper dolls which were offered for names of children and agents are exhausted and no more can be furnished.

The publisher wishes to caution subscribers to be sure and give full address in sending renewals. It is surprising how many people forget to sign their names or omit their state, when sending money.

The premium list seems to please our subscribers for nearly ten times as many have availed themselves of its liberal offers as last season. If you want anything not found in it this season the publisher will be glad to have you tell him about it. If any new reader has not seen it, a copy will be mailed on request.

Mothers sometimes write the publisher for information in regard to articles they wish for their children or themselves, This has suggested the plan of a LITTLE FOLKS BUREAU for supplying anything needed for children. Such a Bureau might be very useful to subscribers living outside the large cities. Readers could be supplied at low prices, with everything which they desire, and the advantages of shopping in large cities could be secured regardless of where they live. Would you like to have the matter undertaken? If so, write about it.

The publisher would like a bright active boy or girl from ten to fifteen years of age in every large place to sell LITTLE FOLKS each month. There are many people who will not subscribe for a year but who would gladly pay ten cents each month. A bright boy or girl can easily secure a list of such people.

A package of magazines will be sent each month and payment can be made after they have been delivered. The magazines will be sold at seven cents which will give a profit of three cents on each. Very likely some of these monthly customers will soon want to subscribe by the year and the agent can then have the regular commission.

This plan was adopted in a few cases, several years ago, and has worked so well that it is now offered to others. Only one agent is wanted in each locality. Secure your territory early One little fellow not twelve years old has about fifty customers and he also sells "grown up" magazines.

RIDDLE-RHYMES.

November Answers.

The Answers to the Riddle-Rhymes in the November number are:

I. Thanksgiving. III. Plum-pudding.
II. Cranberry. IV. Wish-bone.

November Honor Lists.

List A.—Boys and girls over seven who answered Riddle-Rhymes I., II., III., IV.

Carl Perley, Mary L. Lowden, Ellen C. Chipman, George W. Todd, Aileen Rees, Ruth Durston, Irene Stone, Elma Southworth, Ethel Coot, Bessie Coot, Esther Newell, Harry Doane, Roger Steffan, Margaret Hiller, Helen Hill, Talbot Ward, Jennie Castles, Louise Walker, G. V. Shicker, Berenice Cooper, Olive Scudder, George H. Campbell, Ruth E. Campbell, Elsa Jansen, Merrill Sauerbrei, Helen Robn, Ada McBrier, Fred R. Gibons, Charlie J. Gutterson, Retta P. Williams, Fannie May Miller, Louise Evans, Grace Burnham, Jessie Partridge, George Lowden, Pauline Noyes, Irma Otwell, Alice May Hall, Eloise Hance Boma, Howard L. Starr, Hazel E. Fosgate, Ernest D. Lefever, Mary E. Morris, Hubert N. Hutchinson, Sophia Doepel, Kate Cameron Lucas, Florence Whitman, Inez Kjellstrom, Thure Kjellstrom, Ebba Kjellstrom, Harry H. Fuller, Alice May Corey, Rhetta Stude, Ruth Small, Olive Brush, Josephine Hyde, Nan Gooch, Robert Cook, Marian Little, Elizabeth Baker, Fay Allis, Hazel Eslow, Bertha Landon, Leland F. Henderson, Ruby Wasson, W. Barret, Marcus Lucas, Conrad C. Wilbur, Hazel P. Thompson, Albert D. Tingley, Frances Commons, Ethel Hightower, Lena Zimmerman, L. E. Lewis, Mary A. Beckford, Barbara Bradley, Walter Snyder, Jr., Jo Leroy Roberds, Isabella L. Frew, Henry S. Nixon, James G. Nixon, Harold R. Norris, Marguerite Hopper, Hazel M. Apps, Alma Rice, Natilee Ogilvie, Ruth E. Kingman, Margaret Sienknecht, Cornelius Beardsley, Alice Taylor, Bertha L. Carpenter, Foster Black, Elsa Powell, ——— Brodhead, Pauline Latta, Florence E Fish, Mary Wilcox, Doris Elsie Rogers, Frances Tart, Lauraine Faloon, Katherine Spayd, Etta G. Harrington, Lucy Bell, Hildred B. Ashton, Rebekah Truxal, Ruth Phelps, Beulah Gay, Rose Bailey, Carol Green.

List B.—Boys and girls under seven who answered two or more of Riddle-Rhymes I, II, III, IV.

Paul Egolf, Frederic Campbell, Mildred Bennett, Betty Peters, Esther Alice Rood, Louise Flemister, Thomas Albot, Pauline de Neuf, Ralph S. Todd, Edwin W. Wright, Marie L. Walker, Madeline P. Staples, Leslie H. Ewing, Constantine Casser, Ruth Peters, William Wood Turner, Kitty de Forest, Ruth Paull Bogie, George Titzel, Lawrence G. Ropes, Paul Swineford, Everett P. Combes, Ora Knodle, Willie Stratton, Helen L. Ricketts, Mildred Anita Howard, Walter Melden, Hubert A. Whiting, Hazel Allred, Adah Dinney, Rhea Spence, Dana F. Hancock, Alta Edwards, Harold L. Tilton, Miriam Knowlton, Bessie

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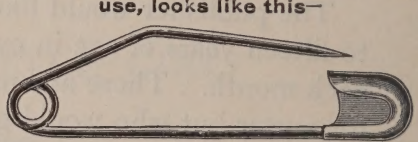
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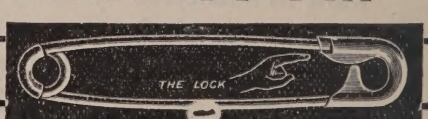

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It should be stated that some of the children under seven in List B, answered all four of the November Riddle-Rhymes. List B also includes the children over seven who answered two or three of the four correctly—many of these sent drawings of answers to II, III and IV, but did not send the answer to I. A few children forgot to mention their age—such of these

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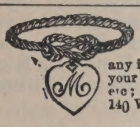

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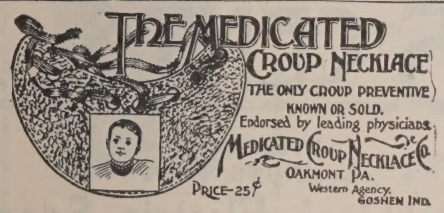

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National Magazine	90	1 85
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Nickell Magazine	45	1 40
Outing	2 40	3 35
Outlook	2 90	3 85
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Perry's Magazine	80	1 75
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Saturday Evening Post	2 50	3 25
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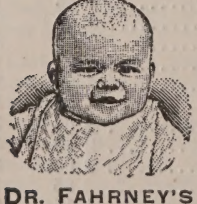

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as answered all four are in List A, such as answered two or three are in List B. The various names for the pronged breast bone of a fowl—breast-bone, wish-bone, pull-bone, pully-bone, and merry-thought—were all counted as correct. A few children forgot to sign their names to their letters, and even the maker of the Riddle-Rhymes could not guess from whom they came.

November Prizes.

Most of the children who sent answers to the November Riddle-Rhymes also sent Drawings of the answers to Riddle-Rhymes II, III and IV, in competition for the Prizes. All these drawings were interesting, many very original, and some really excellent. The four Prizes have been awarded as follows:

Prize A, Herbert A. Whiting, Worcester, Mass.
Prize B, Ruth E. Kingman, Somerville, Mass.
Prize C, Thomas Albot, Fultonville, N. Y.
Prize D, Margaret Starr, Fisher, Ill.

Some of the other drawings in each class were so good that a decision was difficult, and the following little artists are deemed worthy of Honorable Mention: Geoffrey R. Thayer, Harry Doane, Fay Allis, Ernest D. Lefever, Annie Blood, Rebekah Truxal, Hazel Shuman, Lottie Underhill, Betty Peters, Helen L. Ricketts, Mary Wilcox, Paul Egolf, Harold Gilbert, Ruth Peters, Louise Flemister.

January Honor List.

The January Honor List, to be published in the March number, will include the names of the children both over and under seven who send in by February 1st the correct Answer to Riddle-Rhymes VIII, in this number.

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JANUARY PRIZES.

Four Prizes, duplicates of those offered in November, will be awarded to the boy and the girl over seven, and the boy and the girl under seven, who send in by Feb. 1st the best Descriptions of the Answer to Riddle-Rhymes VIII, in this number. Each of these little "essays" must be on a separate sheet from the letter, and must bear the name, address, and age, of the writer. In length these Descriptions may run from fifty to one hundred words. Penmanship and general appearance will be considered as well as words and ideas.

Send Answers, and Descriptions, to Editors of "Little Folks," Warner, N. H.

Answers and Descriptions must be wholly the children's own work.

So. Gardner, Mass.

Dear "Little Folks":—You may be interested in the way that we gave out our Christmas presents one year. We went up to the home of one of my aunties. In one corner of the room there was a large cobweb made of colored twine. After the cobweb had been made, the rest of the string had been twined all around the legs of the chairs and piano. The presents were tied on to this string all the way around and some of the tallest would find that the beginning of their string would be almost on the floor. There was a book at the beginning of my string and many other things that I had little expected.

Catherine J. Bailey.

Idano Springs, Colo.

Dear "Little Folks":—I am a little girl five years old. I have a cat named Patsy and he is too lazy to do anything but eat. I have lots of dollies, fifteen. I have no little brothers or sisters to play with, so need a good many dolls. I went to Denver with my mama and papa to eat Thanksgiving dinner with grandma. My two grandmas live in Denver and I go there quite often. I live right in the mountains and enjoy it here. I like "Little Folks" very much. My mama reads it to me every evening. I have my magazines all bound.

Helen F. Hanchett.

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CHARLES STUART PRATT AND ELLA FARMAN PRATT.

All manuscripts and editorial matter should be sent to the editors at Warner, N. H.

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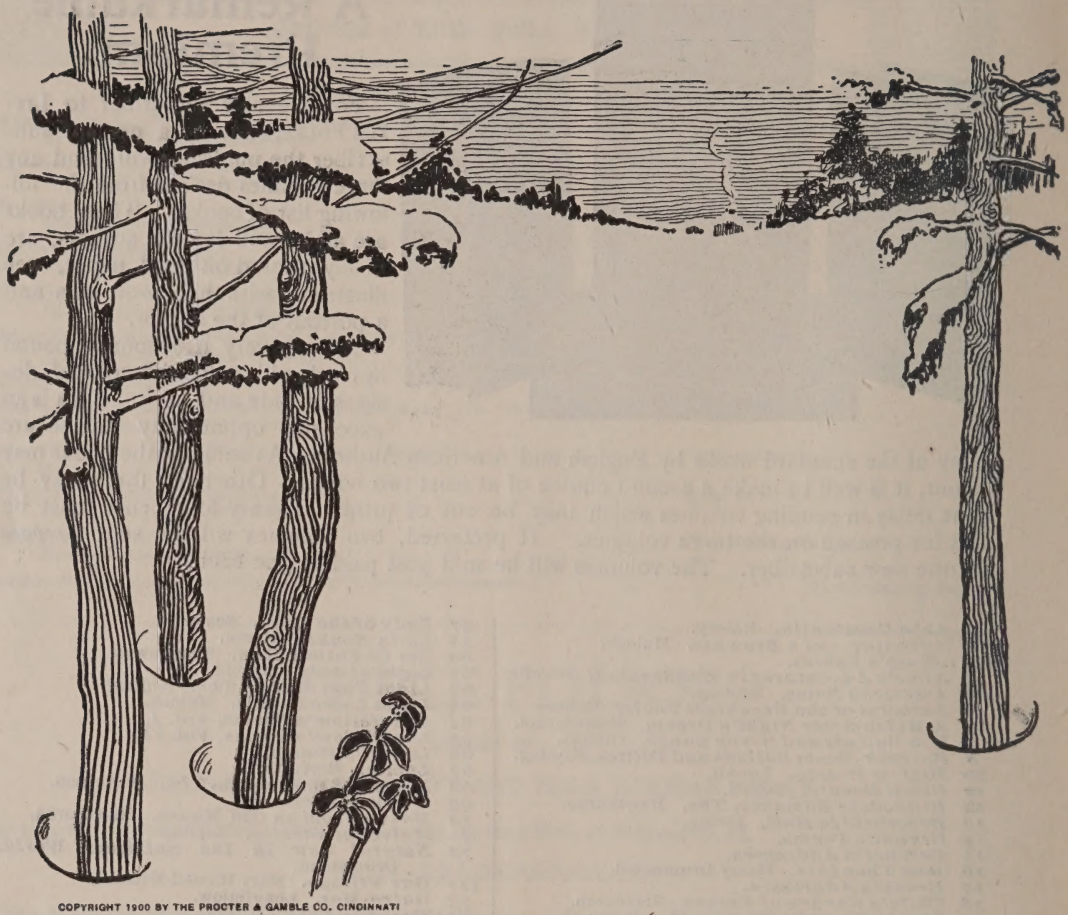

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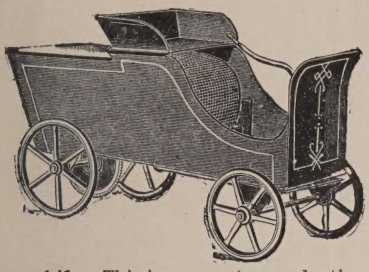

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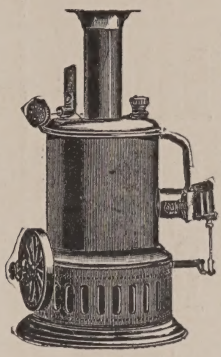

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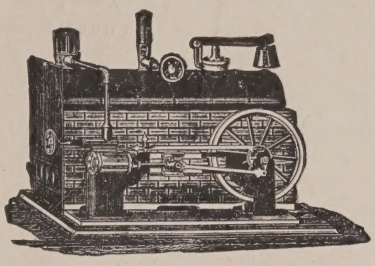
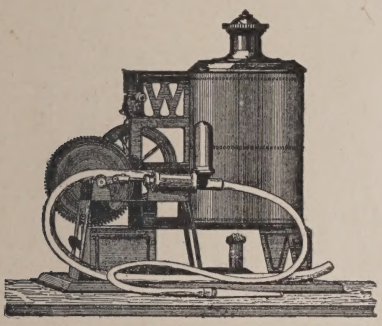


Horizontal Engine. Made of polished brass and Russia iron. An eccentric on the crank shaft controls the valve rod, to which is attached the rocking valve, that by its motion lets the steam into and out of the cylinder. Sent post or express paid for three new subscribers and 10c. Cash price $2.00.



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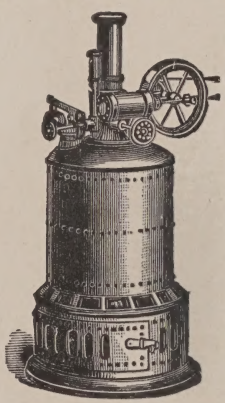

Steam Engine. This engine is made entirely of well tempered polished sheet brass. Steam chest, steam and exhaust pipe and whistle; whistle valve and throttle valve seats are cast in one piece. Exhausts steam through smoke stack, which no other makedoes. Sent post or express paid for two new subscribers or one new subscriber and 50c. Cash price post paid, $1.00.

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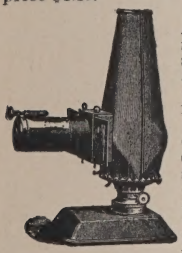

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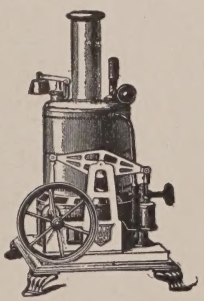
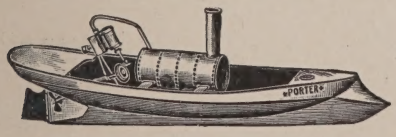


Beam Engine. Has steam chest, cylinder, walking beam, eccentric rod and valves, balance wheel and pulley, all carefully and accurately put together. Sent post paid for three new subscribers and 20c. Cash price $2 25.



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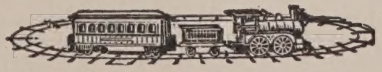

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